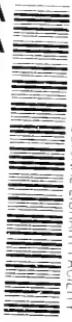


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THE LESBIAD  
OF CATULLUS  
PERVIGILIUM  
VENERIS  
SONGS OF A  
WAYFARER  
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THE LESBIAD  
OF CATULLUS  
AND  
PERVIGILIUM VENERIS  
SONGS OF A WAYFARER



THE LESBIAD  
OF CATULLUS  
AND  
PERVIGILIUM  
VENERIS  
(MOOD TRANSCRIPTIONS)  
AND  
SONGS OF A  
WAYFARER  
BY  
RUTH SHEFFIELD DEMENT



RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR  
THE ALDERBRINK PRESS  
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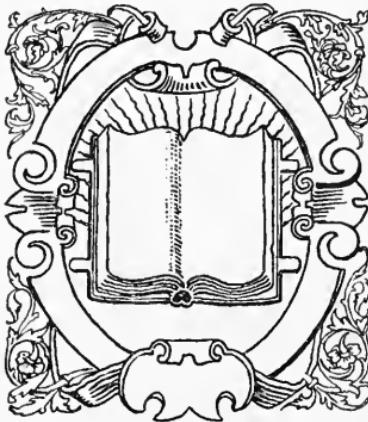
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LE SBIAD  
DE CARMINIBUS  
CATULLI  
ET  
PERVIGILIUM  
VENERIS



SONGS OF  
LESBIA  
(MOOD TRANSCRIPTIONS)  
FROM CATULLUS  
TO LESBIA  
AND THE  
SPRING SONG  
OF VENUS





## LESBIAD DE CARMINIBUS CATULLI

*CATULLUS V*

**V**IVAMUS, mea *Lesbia*, atque *amemus*,  
Rumoresque *senum severiorum*  
*Omnes unius aestimemus assis.*  
*Soles occidere et redire possunt:*  
*Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,*  
*Nox est perpetua una dormienda.*  
*Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,*  
*Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,*  
*Deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum,*  
*Dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,*  
*Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,*  
*Aut ne quis malus invidere possit,*  
*Cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.*



## THE LESBIAD OF CATULLUS

(DA MI BASIA!)  
(a)

**W**E live, Lesbia,  
And we love, Lesbia,  
And what do we care what the world  
may say?  
The sun goes down,  
And the sun comes up,  
But our little lives pass away  
In a day,  
Our poor little lives pass away.

Then oh my Lesbia!  
Live and love!  
Quick to my arms, and quick to my heart!  
A thousand kisses!  
Ten thousand kisses!  
Have done with a million! Then start  
Again; for I fear  
Some wretch may envy us, dear,

If we live, Lesbia,  
 And love, Lesbia,  
 And link with our lips a charméd chain.  
 Dear heart and true,  
 With my love for you  
 My hot tears start while my kisses rain,  
 And I drain  
 This utmost joy to its dregs of pain!

(DA MI BASIA!)  
 (b)

E live, Lesbia, and we love, Lesbia,  
 And what do we care for the tattle of men?  
 The sun and the moon and the stars sink  
 to rest,  
 The sun and the moon and the stars rise again,  
 Yet when the shaft of our daylight lies shattered,  
 Hopeless the darkness and endless the sleep.  
 Lesbia, Lesbia, as if it mattered!  
 Come to me, Lesbia, close to me creep.  
 Give me your lips, and your heart to mine beating,  
 Give me your hands! Knit your fingers in mine—  
 Give me one kiss—no! Quick! Kiss me to madness,  
 Till I am drunk at your mouth, of its wine!  
 Yet with our lips bright and warm in their burning,  
 Sweet with the incense of kisses, ah then  
 We live, Lesbia! And we love, Lesbia!  
 And what do we care for the tattle of men!

(DA MI BASIA! )  
(c)

ESBIA, Lesbia, live to live!  
And Lesbia, Lesbia, live to love!  
The poor little life that the little gods  
give  
Glints like the laugh of the stars above,  
And is gone  
With the dawn.

Evening on evening the azure cup  
Drops from its rim the wine-red sun;  
Morning on morning it dips it up  
Out of the east where the shadows run.

But Lesbia, Lesbia, night comes fast,  
And night for us means an endless sleep  
With never a blush of a life-love, past,  
But stillness and void and a dreamless deep!

Then kiss me, Lesbia, twenty-fold!  
Kiss me, sweetheart, a thousand more!  
Kiss me, dear, till the game grows old,  
Then kiss me double the times before!

Mine the madness that wrings the heart,  
Thine the gladness, and thine the art  
Fine and cruel that drains the breath,  
Mine that was, now thine till death!

Yet never a word of your love for me!  
Our infinite kisses must secret be.  
For the gods that change and love again  
Send death to the faithful loves of men!

No kiss of mine shall my secret tell—  
That I love you truly and long and well!

## VII


 UAERIS quot mihi basiationes  
 Tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque.  
 Quam magnus numerus Libyssae harenæ  
 Laserpiciferis iacet Cyrenis,  
 Oraculum Iovis inter aestuosi  
 Et Batti veteris sacrum sepulcrum,  
 Aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,  
 Furtivos hominum vident amores,  
 Tam te basia multa basiare  
 Vesano satis et super Catullo est,  
 Quae nec pernumerare curiosi  
 Possint nec mala fascinare lingua.

## (QUOT BASIA)


 HOW many kisses have I yet to mate with  
 yours, you ask?  
 How call the hot sands to the rains,  
 The sands that burn on Cyrene's plains?  
 Go, sweep the plains, or know my lips, and count  
 the garner of your task!

How many kisses have I yet to gather from your  
 mouth?  
 How glow the ripe stars on the vine  
 Whose roots drink at the living wine,

The light of ages, flooding east and west and north  
and south?

The stars hang in a purple sky as many, sweet-  
heart mine,

As I would from you kisses take—

Come, Lesbia, my thirsting slake!

With orchard kisses blush my lips with crimson  
kisses fine!

How many kisses have I yet to gather? Oh, my  
dear!

The fool may wateh from June till June!

Let scandal count from noon till noon!

My kisses span the year, my dear! Dear love, they  
span the year!

## LI

**L**LE mi par esse deo videtur,  
 Ille, si fas est, superare divos  
 Qui sedens adversus identidem te  
 Spectat et audit

*Dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis  
 Eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,  
 Lesbia, adspexi, nihil est super mi,  
 Lesbia, vocis.*

*Lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus  
 Flamma demanat, sonitu suopte  
 Tintinant aures, gemina teguntur  
 Lumina nocte.*

TE SPECTAT ET AUDIT DULCE  
 RIDENTEM

**A**H, glad the swain and mad the swain that  
 sets him to beguiling  
 My Lesbia, my Lesbia, that God has  
 made so smiling!  
 Again I mind, again I find the smart I knew that  
 day  
 My Lesbia, my Lesbia had laughed my heart away.

I knelt me there, I felt me there, as, lo, yon silly  
lover  
With Lesbia, with Lesbia! And heaven was above  
her  
And crowning her and drowning her in light that  
sang its sweet,  
And there was I to live or die in worship at her feet!

The days that bring a welcoming for me, from her,  
have fled me.  
But, Ah, the dart she sped my heart has near to  
dying bled me!  
And now the light that drinks my sight has wrought  
me parched and dumb.  
No song to sing my death a-wing with prayers, to  
her, may come.

The thunders roll about my soul that clamors me  
its yielding  
To stiller rest than this my breast and forge can  
grant its wielding.  
My Lesbia, my Lesbia that God has made so bright,  
Forbear the care that stays your hair, and veil you  
from my sight!

And shadow in the cheek and chin that I would  
bind again  
In hands that know the fire and snow they glow to  
find again,

And when my eyes in death arise to wake and  
 mind again—  
 Then—break your dawn my spirit on and make me  
 blind again!

## VIII

**M**ISER Catulle, desinas ineptire,  
*Et quod vides perisse perditum ducas.*  
*Fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles,*  
*Cum ventitabas quo puella ducebat*  
*Amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla.*  
*Ibi illa multa tum iocosa fiebant,*  
*Quae tu volebas nec puella nolebat.*  
*Fulsere vere candidi tibi soles.*  
*Nunc iam illa non vult: tu quoque, impotens, noli,*  
*Nec quae fugit sectare, nec miser vive,*  
*Sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura.*  
*Vale, puella! iam Catullus obdurat,*  
*Nec te requiret nec rogabit invitam;*  
*At tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nulla.*  
*Scelestia, vae tel! quae tibi manet vita!*  
*Quis nunc te adibit? cui videberis bella?*  
*Quem nunc amabis? cuius esse diceris?*  
*Quem basiabis? cui labella mordebis?*  
*At tu, Catulle, destinatus obdura.*

MISER CATULLE DESINAS  
INEPTIRE



OW from the shadows of my grief they  
part,  
Song of my love and echo of my heart.

Well, let them go, Catullus.

Ah, how the sun could shine when life was love!

When life was love, and love was young and true,  
She lived your love, and loving that, loved you.  
Happy the day you wooed like any boy,  
Tuneful her answers, riotous your joy!

Well, let them go, Catullus.

Shattered forever in a mocking rain,  
Calls to its leaves the rose, and calls in vain.  
Never again will love exultant blow:  
Showers the limpid pain its ruins low.

Well, let it go, Catullus.

Ah, how the sun could shine when life was love!

Quick to the forge, my heart, the steel glows white!  
Thus would I gird thee fast, and bolt thee tight!

“Go, love of mine, forever!” cries my heart.  
Break at your lips my rivetings apart?

So, speed her flight, Catullus

Yet could I pity you, the where you stand!  
Who tries the petaled springtide of your hand?  
Tossed by the wind that nested in the south  
Hangs there one crazy bee above your mouth?

Now, may you laugh, Catullus!

Shake out the cloudy splendor of your hair!  
Star with your eyes the midnight brooding there!  
Catch back your tresses with a crescent arm!  
Trembles a swain at one sweet baleful charm?

Laugh at her shame, Catullus!

Show me the wight that would your hours share!  
Kiss at the memories wan that skim the air!  
Pray for a lover new! Pray to forget!  
Pray — God of love! Sweetheart, I love you yet!

Still am I your Catullus!

## CVII

*I cui quid cupido optantique obtigit unquam  
Insperanti, hoc est gratum animo proprie.  
Quare hoc est gratum nobis quoque, carius  
auro,  
Quod te restituis, Lesbia, mi cupido:  
Restituis cupido atque inspiranti, ipsa refers te  
Nobis. O lucem candiore nota!  
Quis me uno vivit felicior, aut magis hac res  
Optandas vita dicere quis poterit?*

## O LUCEM CANDIDIORE NOTA!

 HE hour for dawn, and blind and black,  
 the night  
 Stifles her breath and labors forth the day.  
 My dreams rise, heavy winged, and beat  
 their flight,  
 And sleep, a numb-weighed grief, has rolled away.

Hope's sepulcher, my heart, thy rock-bound sleep  
 Stopping that was thy door, who breaks its seal?  
 My hope, whose bodied self I needs would keep,  
 Who bids thee from thy shrunken tomb to steal?

Ah Mystery, yield thy triple veil and greet  
 Kindly the dimpled day I rise to meet!  
 Lo! Mystery, revealed thou art complete  
 In Lesbia before me, strangely sweet!

She stoops, and ever listening at my heart,  
 blushes her ear, and on her fingers there,  
 Forcing the slender, petaled things apart,  
 Presses her cheek, meek-banded in her hair.

The sun! The sun has risen! And slow revealing  
 Light of a blinding day, the shadows rise,  
 Hover her hair! Then one slow truant stealing  
 Covers the dusk-winged lashes of her eyes!

She smiles her tender mocking to my fears,  
Glow like a summer dawn serene above,  
Breaks like a cloud, rose flaming, bright with tears,  
Sweet on my lips her sun-touched, storming love.

Again she sighs and pillows on my heart;  
In claspéd hands she draws to her my head—  
Oh my beloved, thy kiss could heal the smart  
Of dying—then reclaim me from the dead!

CVII (*see p. 18*)

and

## CIX

**I**UCUNDUM, *mea vita, mihi proponis amorem*  
*Hunc nostrum inter nos perpetuumque fore.*  
*Di magni, facite ut vere promittere possit*  
*Atque id sincere dicat et ex animo,*  
*Ut liceat nobis tota perducere vita*  
*Aeternum hoc sanctae foedus amicitiae.*

FACITE UT VERE PROMITTERE  
POSSIT

**W**HERE trod despair three-forked lies  
 Where you and I had parted,  
 Where faith upon the gibbet dies  
 And mocks the trustful hearted,  
 You came again, and on my eyes,  
 That late had wept for you,  
 Your hand you laid, and now there rise  
 The tears they kept for you.

The spring-time tears! The spring-time tears!  
 How can I stay the showers?  
 So long the years! So long the years!  
 They pent them for your flowers!

The crocus that the snowdrop knows,  
Blythe-tippéd on your chin,  
Close cloven, at a smile it blows  
To pluck the dimples in!

The fitful poppies of your lips,  
The eglantine that lingers  
Apetaling the wanton tips  
That blush and blush your fingers;  
The velvet jasmine on your cheek  
The rose that next it lies,  
And oh! The gentian fringes meek  
That shadow your dear eyes!

You came to me when hope was dead;  
You touched his life to fire;  
Home came the spirit I had sped  
And wedded glad desire.  
You came to me, unbidden too,  
Uncoaxed, unsought, your coming,  
And desert life a garden grew,  
Where wingéd Loves were humming!

Oh love of mine, the grief of you  
Weighs madness in its smart,  
But joy of you, but joy of you  
Is like to break my heart!  
Oh love, my love, be true to me!  
My heaven about you lies!  
And life to me is you to me,  
And death, your mocking eyes!

## XCII

**L**ESBIA mi dicit semper male nec tacet  
unquam  
De me: Lesbia me dispeream nisi amat.  
Quo signo? quia sunt totidem mea:  
deprecor illam  
Adsidue, verum dispeream nisi amo.

## “QUO SIGNO?”

**L**AUGH, Lesbia!  
Laugh, Lesbia,  
Lesbia, Lesbia, child of spring!  
Shame me, Lesbia!  
Blame me, Lesbia!  
Barb your tongue with a bumble sting!

Laugh, Lesbia!  
Laugh, Lesbia!  
Bramble your heart with a wild rose vine!  
Say you sweetbrier  
Stays the wild fire,  
Thickets your heart when it flames for mine?

Oh, Lesbia,  
Know, Lesbia,  
Whatever the wiles of a maid may be,  
These are simple things,  
Frowns and dimpings!  
Trust to a swain to guess and see!

So, dear Lesbia,  
Hear, Lesbia,  
How I could ever your fears guess out.  
Lo, dissemblings,  
Oh, and tremblings,  
Trick with a man who lives in doubt.

And I, Lesbia,  
Try, Lesbia,  
Jealous of having my secret guessed,  
To deceive you, Lesbia,  
Grieve you, Lesbia,  
Hurt you most when I love you best!

For men, Lesbia,  
Then, Lesbia,  
Love like girls, when their love is true.  
So, just as I could,  
I fancy you would,  
And I read myself when I must read you!

## LXXVI

 *I qua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas  
 Est homini, cum se cogitat esse pium,  
 Nec sanctam violasse fidem, nec foedere in  
 ullo  
 Dirum ad fallendos numine abusum homines,  
 Multa parata manent in longa aetate, Catulle,  
 Ex hoc ingrato gaudia amore tibi.  
 Nam quaecumque homines bene cuiquam aut dicere  
 possunt  
 Aut facere, haec a te dictaque factaque sunt:  
 Omnia quae ingratae perierunt credita menti.  
 Quare cur tu te iam amplius excrucies?  
 Quin tu animo affirmas atque istinc teque reducis  
 Et dis in ipsis desinis esse miser?  
 Difficile est longum subito deponere amorem;  
 Dificile est, rerum hoc qua libet efficias.  
 Una salus haec est, hoc est tibi perrincipendum;  
 Hoc facias, sire id non pote sire pote.  
 O di, si restrum est misereri, aut si quibus unquam  
 Extremam iam ipsa in morte tulistis opem,  
 Me miserum adspicite et, si vitam puriter egi,  
 Eripite hanc pestem perniciemque mihi!  
 Hei mihi subrepens imos ut torpor in artus  
 Expulit ex omni pectore laetitias.  
 Non iam illud quaero, contra ut me diligit illa,  
 Aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit:  
 Ipse valere opto et taetrum hunc deponere morbum.  
 O di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.*

## O DI, ME ADSPICITE!

**P**RONE at the shrine that keeps the forkèd  
way,  
Bowed in the very dust my feet have trod,  
Hear me that lived to sing, and learned  
to pray,  
Hear me, Thou Mighty One, The Unknown God!

Hear me, that ever mindful of the gods,  
Sounded, with pious litany, the sky;  
Bend Thou to witness, broke beneath their rods,  
Driven, I come to shrive me and to die.

Dregs of a purple faith I pour to Thee,  
Lees of a heart that chaliced brimming trust,  
Draining the drip, for Thou, unguessed to me,  
May of Thine untried Self be kind and just.

Stifle the thought that bids my passion boil,  
Give me the patient sufferance of men,  
Yield though Thou may my scars Thy healing oil,  
I, that was chaste, can never be again.

Father of outcast men, my work is yet  
Waiting my hand, my final strength to try;  
Then in the death, grant it that I forget  
Her that I love — forgetting is to die.

THE SPRING SONG  
OF VENUS

PERVIGILIUM  
VENERIS



## PERVIGILIUM VENERIS

*RAS amet qui numquam amavit quique  
amavit cras amet!  
Ver novum: ver iam canorum: vere natus  
orbis, est!  
Vere concordant amores, vere nubunt alites  
Et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus:  
Et recentibus virentis dicit umbras floribus.  
Cras amorum copulatrix inter umbras arborum  
Inpletat casas virentis de flagello myrteo,  
Cras Dione iura dicet fulta sublimi throno.  
Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras  
amet!  
Ipsa gemmis purpurantem pingit annum floridis,  
Ipsa surgentis papillas de Favoni spiritu  
Urget in nodos tepentis, ipsa roris lucidi,  
Noctis aura quem relinquit, spargit umentis aquas.  
En micant lacrimae trementes de caduco pondere:  
Gutta praeceps orbe parvo sustinet casus suos.  
En pudorem florulenta prodiderunt purpurae:  
Umor ille quem serenis astra rorant noctibus  
Mane virgines papillas solvit umenti peplo.  
Ipsa iussit mane totae virgines nubant rosae;*



## THE SPRING SONG OF VENUS

**T**O MORROW let him love that never  
loved,  
And we who have loved, let us love  
again.

For Earth has gotten Spring of Paradise.  
Her fettered arms, the laughing babe that rest  
The sky has kissed with roses, bloomed of ice  
That crystal-purple bound her, hand on breast.

Awake! You happy trees, shake out your hair  
Above the grass that dimples at your feet,  
And nests the baby loves that tumble there  
And dream the dreams that make the summer sweet!

Tomorrow, let him love that never loved  
And we, who have loved, let us love again.

From earth to heaven the wingéd things fly swift,  
Upborne with thoughts of featherlings and nest,  
In azure melody to dip and drift  
And dream the trysting songs of love and quest.

*Facta Cypridis de cruore deque Amoris osculis  
 Deque gemmis deque flabris deque solis purpuris,  
 Cras pudorem qui latebat veste tectus ignea  
 Unico marita voto non rubebit solvere.*

*Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras  
 amet!*

*Ipsa Nymphas diva luco iussit ire myrteo:  
 'Ite, Nymphae, posuit arma, feriatus est Amor:  
 Iussus est inermis ire, nudus ire iussus est,  
 Neu quid arcu neu sagitta neu quid igne laederet,'  
 It puer comes puellis: nec tamen credi potest,  
 Esse Amorem feriatum, si sagittas exuit;  
 Sed tamen, Nymphae, cavete, quod Cupido pulcer est:  
 Totus est in armis idem quando nudus est Amor.*

*Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras  
 amet!*

*Compari Venus pudore mittit ante virginis:  
 'Una res est quam rogamus: cede, virgo Delia,  
 Ut nemus sit incruentum de ferinis stragibus.  
 Ipsa vellet te rogare, si pudicam flecteret,  
 Ipsa vellet ut renires, si deceret virginem.  
 Iam tribus choros videres feriantis noctibus  
 Congreges inter catervas ire per saltus tuos  
 Floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter casas.  
 Nec Ceres nec Bacchus absunt nec poetarum deus.  
 Perviglanda tota nox est, est recinenda canticis:  
 Regnet in silvis Dione: tu recede, Delia.'*

*Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras  
 amet!*

For She the boy of wings and stings that bare,  
Has tamed and named the thicket lands Her own.  
Clasp hands, you wistful vines, down-dropping where  
Tomorrow summons Venus to Her throne!

And She it is the morning mists that spun  
And hung white trailing in the meadow ways,  
And half Her flax was stolen from the sun  
And half was stolen from the April days.

And She it is that mercy grants the maid  
Who droops of unrequited love and dies,  
And yields her gentle spirit to the shade  
Abrood the violets that were her eyes.

And She the pale anemone that knows,  
Anemone, faint dream, late fled her keep  
Deep bedded in the bosom of a rose  
That waits her June, close budded fast asleep,

Lo, She the pale anemone that knows,  
And stills the tale this wee, wan ghost would tell  
Of posy loves and posy hopes and fears  
Has bodied her in this frail, tongueless bell!

The kirtled hills that blue in harebells lie,  
Their trinketing in dandelions done,  
She decks in azure faithful to the sky  
And braves with jewels proudly for the sun.

*Iussit Hyblaeis tribunal stare diva floribus:  
 Praeses ipsa iura dicet, adsidebunt Gratiae.  
 Hybla, totos funde flores, quidquid annus adtulit,  
 Hybla, florum subdevestem, quantus Ennae campus est.  
 Ruris hic erunt puellae vel puellae fontium  
 Quaeque silvas quaeque lucos quaeque montis  
 incolunt.*

*Iussit omnes adsidere pueri mater alitis,*

*Iussit at nudo puellas nil Amori credere:*

*Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras  
 amet!*

*Cras erit quom primus aether copularit nuptias,  
 Ut pater totum crearet vernis annum nubibus,  
 In sinum maritus imber fluxit almae coniugis,  
 Unde fetus mixtus omnis aleret magno corpore.  
 Tunc cruore de superno spumeo pontus globo  
 Caerulas inter cavernas inter et viridis specus  
 Fecit undantem Dionen de marinis imbris.*

*Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras  
 amet!*

*Ipsa venas atque mentem permeanti spiritu  
 Intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus,  
 Perque caelum perque terras perque pontum  
 subditum*

*Praevium sui teporem seminali tramite  
 Inbuit iussitque mundum nosse nascendi vias.*

*Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras  
 amet!*

The world-a-day is heaven at our feet!  
Blush-gated, morningward it speeds the lark;  
And oh, the world at night is wonder sweet  
That yields it up for healing to the dark!

White stars, bright-blossomed in the purple Way  
How fall their tears like radiant prayer! The dew  
Along the reverent-fingered ferns that lay  
Drops groundward in its utter joyance too.

And She who weds her blushes to the sun  
And busks the roses they in wedding bear  
Breast high, with crimson tippéd thorns, that none  
May try a careless hand of pleasure there,

Lo, She that petals forth the halting year,  
When loth tomorrow from her slumber parts  
Will summon all the virgin roses here,  
And bid them yield forevermore their hearts!

Tomorrow, let him love that never loved,  
And we, who have loved, let us love again!

Then ho! You Nymphs that glint the groves among.  
Let fly the clasps that bid your terrors stay!  
For Love denies his darts and bow bestrung  
To dimple out tomorrow's holiday!

*Ipsa Troianos penatis in Latinos transtulit,  
 Ipsa Laurentem puellam coniugem nato dedit,  
 Moxque Marti de sacello dat pudicam virginem,  
 Romuleas ipsa fecit cum Sabinis nuptias.  
 Unde Ramnes et Quirites atque prolem posterum  
 Romulo marem crearet et nepotem Caesarem;  
 Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit eras  
 amet!*  
*Rura fecundat voluptas, rura Venerem sentiunt ;  
 Ipse Amor puer Dionae rure natus dicitur.  
 Hunc ager cum parturiret ipsa suscepit sinu,  
 Ipsa florum delicatis educavit osculis.  
 Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit eras  
 amet!*  
*Ecce iam subter genestas explicant tauri latus,  
 Quisque tutus quo tenetur coniugali foedere:  
 Subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantum greges.  
 Iam loquaces ore rauco stagna cygni perstrepunt:  
 Et canoras non tacere dira iussit alites:  
 Adsonat Terei puella subter umbram populi,  
 Ut putes motus amoris ore dici musico  
 Et neges queri sororem de marito barbaro.  
 Illa cantat: nos tacemus? quando ver veniet meum?  
 Quando fiam uti chelidon ut tacere desinam?  
 Perdidi Musam tacendo nec me Phoebus respicit.  
 Sic Amyclas cum tacerent perdidit silentium.  
 Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit eras  
 amet!*

Tomorrow comes, and lo! tomorrow goes!  
And who the maid that then unarméd is?  
Ah happy, happy she, who, wary, knows  
That love is surest that unarméd is!

Then ho! Diana! Rid you from the wood,  
Nor foul the covert dingle with the slain,  
For chaste are they as chaste your maidenhood  
That She would gather hither in her train.

If right She had to bid you, goddess, come,  
How mete, how sweet your summoning would be!  
If vows of chastity could echo dumb,  
How mad, how glad your morrow-morn could be!

Your morrow-morn could be—but go your way!  
And we to speed your flight with wine and song!  
Catch up the garlands garnered for the day  
And Hybla, Hybla fetch your gauds along!

And Hybla, Hybla, net your eglantine,  
Let yield your thicket fastnesses their dress  
And work a wilful canopy, and line  
Its dome ablush, to praise Her loveliness!

And hither, you that heart the talking trees,  
And hither, you the laughing torrent bears,  
And wary, wary, wary foot the leas,  
For Love is surest that unarméd fares!

Tomorrow, let him love that never loved,  
And we, who have loved, let us love again!

Oh wingéd joy that beats against my breast!  
The mourning swallow puts her trouble by;  
The scrannel-throated swan forsakes her nest  
And sings and sings, how sweetly sings! And I?

My heart sits brooding like a little bird,  
From some low prison to the wayside tossed.  
The song his long forgotten freedom heard,  
Dead echoed now, in cloister-ways, and lost,

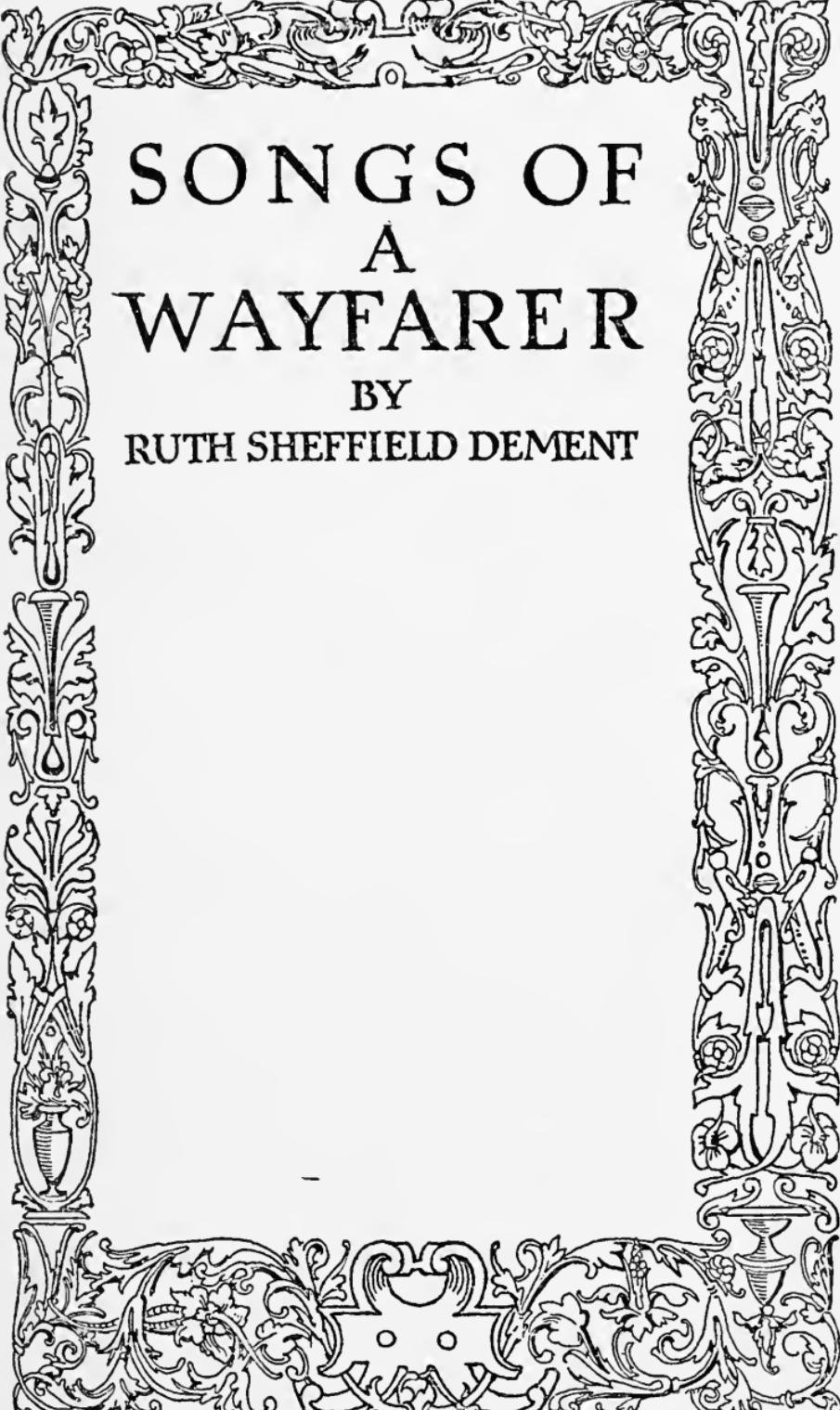
The song his freedom lilted to his mate,  
When all the world was blythe-aleaf to him  
Stabs like dry pain his eager throat grown strait  
With silence, and the song is grief to him.

Ah time and tears and she that faithless proved,  
And pride that rent my thought from her apart,  
How stark the yester-love that storming moved  
To breast the song now heavy on my heart:

“Tomorrow let him love that never loved  
And we who have loved, let us love again!”

SONGS OF A  
WAYFARER





SONGS OF  
A  
WAYFARE R  
BY  
RUTH SHEFFIELD DEMENT





## SONGS OF A WAYFARER

### PROMISE

UPWARD and westward, cleaving for  
the evening,  
Mounting with strokes that know and  
claim the sky,  
Speeding before the night—whose cool, resistant  
Winds as they find them beaten push insistent,  
Sullen and close beneath the wings that fly,—  
Travels the bird, that, cleaving through the evening  
Cheats the pursuing night and far and high  
Strives for the promises in clouds that lie.

Spirit of mine with wings half lifted, trembling,  
Would I could loose the bonds that do thee gird!  
Heaven, if heaven there be that west resembling,  
Heaven with ruddy heart where prayers are heard,  
Loose from my spirit this one day's dissembling,  
Then shall I mount to praise thee, like that bird!

## FREEDOM

**G**LEAN me from my window high  
And leave the light behind.  
The river stands in stillness by,  
As quiet as my mind  
And looks into the starry sky  
Where it may wonders find.

The world lies broad and dark and bright  
With lights that put asunder  
The shadows of the gentle night  
That draw them back in wonder  
And shun the searching window light  
To lurk the low trees under.

And heart of mine—so glad am I  
That none can claim thy will!  
I hear the stars, thy sisters, cry  
Thee welcome to their hill  
Where they like Easter flowers lie  
And shine, content and still  
With little, flaming hearts that try  
Their snowy bells to fill!

## WISHING

**S**ING, cricket, in the moonlight, in the  
weeds  
Where dust and dark and moonlight  
wrap the seeds  
Of useful green things, useful in a lot  
Whose city-wants call Nature's humbly-got.  
Sing, and in singing help me to forget  
The day long struggle, failure, triumph, fret  
Of grown-up living in this grown-up life  
Where living means an ever striving strife.  
Sing cricket, sing! Kind, universal, true!  
How like the voice of Hope itself are you,  
Hope that a Promise is, and falling due!  
Ah, could you sing of grown-up happiness,  
Voice that the reverent weeds so humbly bless,  
Voice of some baby happiness that needs  
Must sing itself asleep among the weeds!

## HAPPINESS

**H**OW long can a little, dancing flame keep  
    tiptoe to the char?  
**H**ow long can a gentian lidded star  
    outwatch another star?  
How long can a yellow garden rose withstand a  
    summer breeze?  
As long as the joy of an innocent maid may vie with  
    itself and these!

I'm glad when the yellow flame makes flight and  
    goes where the sunlight dies,  
And joins with the stars in the dawn of the paling  
    night in the high mid-skies!  
And I'm glad when the breath of the rose takes  
    wing and the life of a maid can lift  
Up to the flame and the star and the soul of a rose—  
    where the star snows drift!

## WHITE BUTTERFLIES

**E**VERY time true lovers kiss  
God makes a butterfly!  
Every leap a true heart beats  
It sends one wing as high  
As its brave self is strong.  
Ah, then, if one of two hearts beat  
Less glorious along  
Under the bluest summer sky  
Unless the winds come whistling by  
Little by little falls the wingéd rose;  
And if no winds come whistling by,  
Straight to the earth it goes.  
But if two hearts beat equally  
And brave as they are strong,  
Straight to the sun their wings they send  
In visible song.  
And if the hearts are innocent  
White petals are their wings,  
And if their hearts are passionate,  
Purple, bewildered things.  
I love to think that innocent dreams  
Come every starlit night  
And kindle with their blessed steps  
Paths of radiant light  
For all the white winged butterflies  
To follow in their flight  
When the air is yellow with the sun

And flickers to the sight.  
And when upon a summer's day  
There stream into the sky  
Companies of true-love flights,  
Near and far and high,  
The world grows better in my sight  
Because so many wings are white!

## MULTITUDINOUS NIGHT

**A**H, multitudinous night! Whose vaultless sky  
Seems gray between the stars where  
broad winds lie  
Like birds invisible floating with outstretched wings  
Over the stiller world of visible things,  
Blessed the night that sends its gifts to me:—  
Vast waves of light—still thought—the gift to see  
Descending presences that once have wept  
And laughed and vigils like mine own have kept!

Ancient or child or youth or maid, each brings  
The light of peace upon his silent wings.  
And in that waving host each visitant stands  
Reaching toward me with kind, compassionate  
hands.  
All these I see—and boys unborn, upraising  
Grave level eyes—and gentle girls, upgazing.

## PETITION

**O** feel the gift of strength that I may  
give  
Hope to the weak and chance, to some,  
to live!  
To sing the song dumb-stricken in my heart!  
To play right gallantly my actor's part!  
To paint the semblance of a perfect face!  
To see, to hear, to know some fragrant place!  
Lord Jesus of the one-time Chivalrie  
Heal Thou mine ills—let fall thy peace on me  
That sorely, Lord, bewildered, needeth thee!

## THE SINGING STAR



DREAMED I heard the singing of a star  
In the azure heaven.  
His voice was as the songs imagined are.  
The songs were seven.

He sang the song of fragrances that rise  
When the year is young,  
And memories in their vagrancies surprise  
With silent tongue!

He sang the song of sounds that quake the breast  
For loveliness.  
He sang the song of visions yet unguessed  
For perfectness.

He sang the song of fruits whose various taste  
Is as their blossoms were—  
Of dear caresses that the years of waste  
Make wistfuller.

He sang that strange, sixth sense whose wisdoms  
brood  
In sure advice.  
And then he sang of loves whose plenitude  
Theyselves suffice,

All this I heard him sing. I dreaming heard.  
I woke, and it was night.

And yet the heavens sang on as though a bird  
Had passed. A star burned white!

## THE SONG OF THE RIVER

**T**HERE is a river, in the land of Dim-Forgot,  
That flows down to the sea,  
And by that river stand the many folk  
That once were self to me!  
Nearest and clearest stands a woman dark,  
Gaunt eyed, with passionate hair  
That whips and curls half hateful to itself  
For the grey, fast whitening there.  
Across the stream, red-lipped and in the sun  
That wakes red fire in her hair and eyes,  
Wavers her image,—younger by a year,—  
Immortal-seeming, in her glad surmise.  
Along the far shore wait the images glad,  
Along the nearer stand their alternates;  
And every shape of ecstasy or sad  
Sends its long shadow back to the far gates  
That lock the mountain walls of fastnesses  
That send the river out—  
The river of the land of Dim-Forgot,  
Bordered with my selves of faith or doubt!  
Dear God in Heaven, if god in Heaven there be,  
Who sent this mirrored river on its way  
When ever and again I cross the river,  
As often as I change from grieved to gay,  
Mid-stream I pause for one hard moment sighting  
The far, straight distance back to Dim-Forgot

Striving to see the gates I half remember  
And yet remember not!  
And sighting, ever wilfully refusing  
To see the figures lining either shore  
Ever in wistfulness I try to see the farthest image  
And no image more!  
That farthest image, closest to the gates,  
Sometimes in crossing with clear eyes I see.  
And even when the mist lies on the river,  
Dimly it beckons me, in memory!  
But seen or but remembered, standing wistful  
Ever I find it waiting at the gates.  
Very serious are its baby features,  
Patient it stands and ever patient, waits.  
When I have traveled all that life-long river  
That flows down to the sea,  
And that sea takes me, will my selves along the  
    river  
Flock after me?  
And shall we perish like a bird flock beaten  
Into the sea by winds that reckon not?  
Or shall we—I and my selves together—return  
And welcomed be, in Dim-Forgot?  
Oh, farthest, farthest image by the river,  
Waiting ever, and farthest from the sea,  
What look of yours will welcome or reject, then,  
Me, and my divergent company!

## THERE IS A GARDEN IN THE HILLS

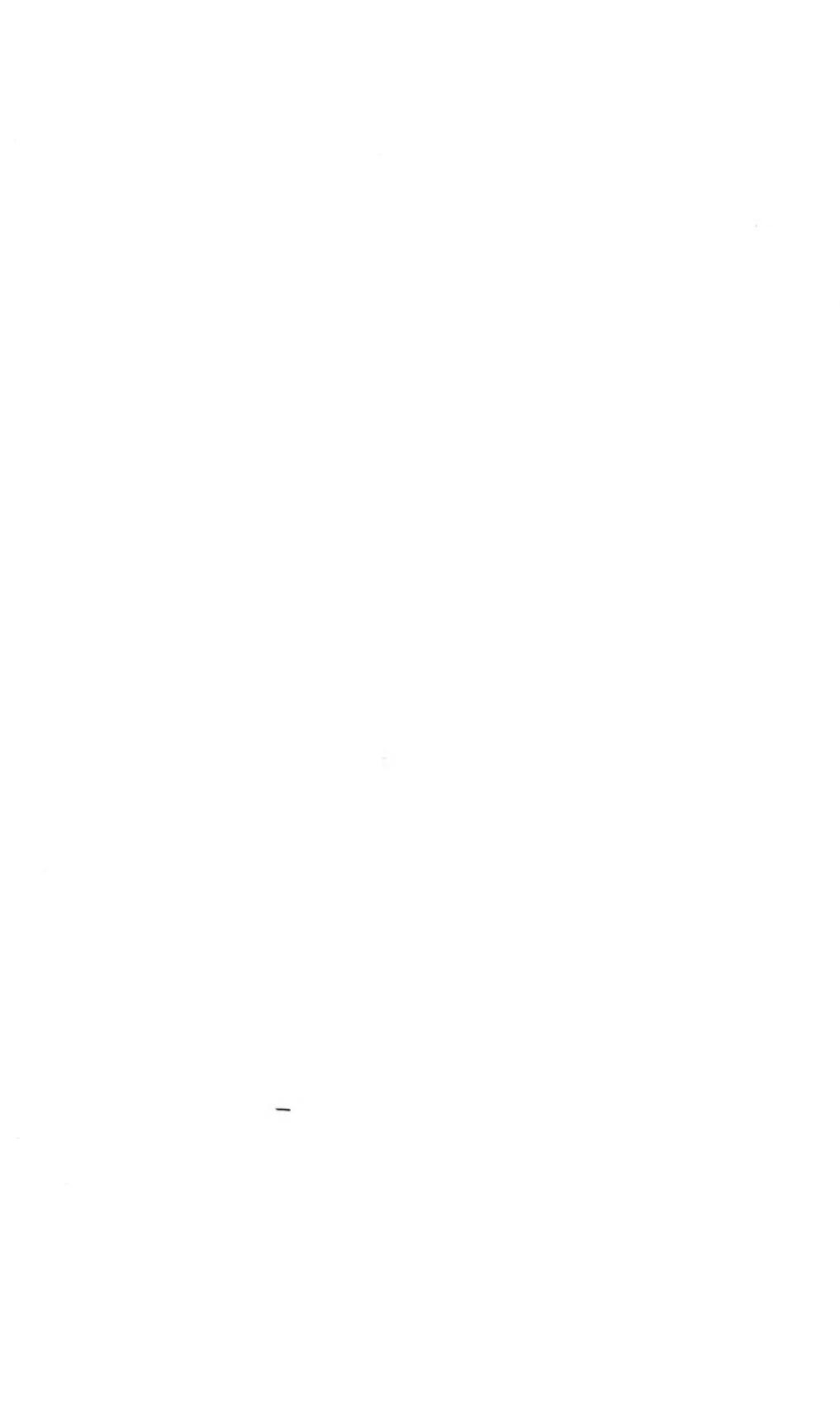
**H**ERE is a garden in the hills—the sunny hills of Dim-Forgot  
And all day long the water trills in many a golden shadowed spot  
Where yellow-throated birds hop 'round  
About the sun-flecks on the ground!

No vivid things flash in and out the pillared trees  
and tufted grass  
Where only friendly creatures flout the genial ear  
or tail and pass  
Toward earthy hutch or tree-side nest  
To munch the profits of the quest.

Only the sun and noon and strength unguessed and  
peace of heart are there.  
The garden was my dwelling place till length of  
life outcast me where  
Day dawns, night falls, and need  
Whips on to present deed.

Sometimes I visit in my dreams that noon en-  
chanted garden place  
And often there I meet the friends that late have  
shown the treacherous face.  
But even they are constant where  
All must be true to gather there!





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